

must do him justice too. All this happened a long while ago. Between that time and this he thirty years of good citizenship and honorable manhood. Cornelius has been no despoiler of women." She picked up the papers again. "The curious thing about it is, Camilla, that nowhere in these letters is there any mention of a child. I can't understand that. Have you thought that perhaps he did not know? It's very strange, mysterious. I have never known the real heart of my brother; but he could hardly have been capable of that. He was never given at any time to show his feelings, even to his wife or his family. Have you thought that perhaps he loved—Jeff's mother?"

"I hope—I pray that he did. Perhaps, if Jeff could believe that; but the letters—No, Mrs. Rumsen, no man who had ever loved could have written that last letter."

"But you must be what you can make your husband see the best of it, Camilla. That is your duty, child. Don't you see it that way?"

Camilla was kneeling on a chair, her elbows on its back, her fingers wreathing her brow. "Yes, I suppose so," she sighed; "but I'm afraid in this matter Jeff will not ask my opinion—he must choose for himself. I don't know what he will do or say. You could hardly expect him to show filial devotion. Gladys and Cortland—" she rose in now dismay and walked to the window. "I had not thought of them."

Her visitor followed Camilla with questioning eyes. "They must share the burden; it is theirs too," she put in after a moment. "It is very hard for me to know what to do. It is harder now than it would have been before the light of the Amalgamated for the smelter. They are enemies—don't you suppose I hear the talk about it? General

Bent has sworn to ruin Jeff, to put him out of business, and Jeff will fight until he drops. Father against son—oh, Mrs. Rumsen, what can be done?" She took the photograph and letters from the lap of her visitor and stood before the mantel. "If I burned them—"

"No, no!" Mrs. Rumsen had risen quickly and seized Camilla by the arm. "You mustn't do that!"

"It would save so much pain!"

"No one saved her pain. You have no right. Who are you to play the part of Providence to two human souls? This drama was arranged years before you were born. It's none of your affair. Fate has simply used you—used us—as humble instruments in working out its plans."

Camilla shook her head. "It can do Jeff no good. It will do Gladys and Cortland harm. Jeff has forgotten the past. It has done him no harm, except that he has no name. He has won his way without a name—even this will not give him one. Jeff's poor incubus will be a grim reality, tangible flesh, to be despised."

Mrs. Rumsen looked long into the fire. "I can't believe it," she said slowly. "My brother and I are not on the best of terms. We have never been intimate, because we could not understand each other. But he is not the kind of man anyone can despise. People down town say he has no soul. If he hasn't, then this news can be no blow to him. If he has—" She paused. And then, instead of going on, took Camilla by the hand. "Camilla," she said quickly, "we must think long over this; but not now. It must be slept on. Get dressed while I read these letters, and we'll take a spin into the country. Perhaps by tomorrow we'll be able to see things more clearly."

To be continued next Sunday

## WHO WAS BELLE CARILLON

Continued from page 10

Brewster jewels, too, to be accounted for. What had become of them? Would he still have to fight for them?

Sproule, who had given another long, careful look out of the window, now returned and interrupted Fenton's day dream by a light touch on the shoulder.

"Do you believe him straight?" he asked seriously.

"It was hard on Fenton to reply. He knew Sproule for a pal of O'Shea's, a crook—and perhaps worse. Might he not, in spite of what he had said, be an accomplice to the murder, as he was undoubtedly an accessory after the fact? After the man had and/or that could stand up in court. There was something Fenton had about him; he had charm."

"Oh, I don't know," Fenton stammered. "How do I know? In telling me the truth? You say you are a skeptic of O'Shea's job; but here I find him with him right in the game all the time."

"I think I can believe it," said Sproule mildly. He looked at his watch, drew forth a black leather bag and poured from it a gleaming mass of jewelry, sparkling with precious stones upon the floor.

Fenton looked at the third time that night he had seen strangely across the Brewster jewels. It seemed impossible. Despite the wreckage of the occasion, he had to smile, as at the grotesque joke. It seemed that all his life his blunders, he had not lost his wits, his precious treasure. He looked up at the man in wonder.

"Will you give this stuff back to the Brewster family?" Sproule asked him gently.

Fenton nodded, half staring with wonder. Then he added, "I'll try it again; but for Brewster's sake, don't say a word in all this!"

"All right," said Sproule. "I will, I admit that I have kept it. For five years I have kept it, and one of the shrewdest and most honest men in the country. But I've been away—our tried to. Tonight, if I can, I was to end it all forever. Make it as if it was what I want to say. If you only want a wife, I think you might understand."

"I do know a wife," said Fenton. "She came into my apartment at the Plaza before I left. I've long talk with her."

"You'll see," Sproule's voice trembled with excitement. "I'll see—but of course you couldn't know—she'd never tell if she suspected—"

"She knows that you're a crook," said Fenton quietly.

"Oh, that!" Sproule buried his face in his hand.

Fenton put his hand on the man's shoulder. "See here, old man," he said kindly. "If you're honest, I don't want to be straight."

the best thing you can do is to go right to her—if you can possibly get away. She's going to take the first train to Philadelphia tomorrow. You'd better meet her there."

"Oh, I can't face her! I dare not!"

"You must! You'll find she'll forgive you. She'll do more than that—she'll help you to turn over a new leaf. I know; for she has said so to me."

Sproule spoke between gritted teeth. "If you knew how I loved her, you'd believe me. My love for her has kept me in hell for a year trying to break away from this gang. You don't know what a fight it has been. O'Shea is a devil—he has it on me for so many things I've done in the past that she doesn't know about. Oh, I'd have done my time and been happy enough in jail to get away from O'Shea; but I couldn't disgrace her! She loved me so—trusted me so! I've tried and tried to break with him; but each time he's pulled me back into the net, threatening to expose me. It was no use. So yesterday I decided to leave her. If I was caught, at least it wouldn't drag her name into it. I had an idea she had already begun to suspect me; so I decided never to come back to her, and let her think what she would. Do you really think that she'd give me a chance?"

"If you'd explain the matter of a ruby necklace, I think she would."

"Oh, God! Did she tell you that? That was something I've almost died about, since. It was a horrible thing to do; but I was distracted. I didn't know what I was doing, really. I knew I had to leave her, and I wanted to give her something in remembrance of me. We had cleaned up a house in New Haven—I got hold of this necklace out of the swag, without O'Shea's knowing it, and I gave it to her. It was a crazy thing to do. I see it now—it might be discovered on her any time—but I was distracted. I tell you! I didn't think. I only knew I loved her, and I had lost her forever. I had to do something."


"That necklace has been her curse; but you can make it her blessing if you want to," said Fenton. "Go to her, and she will tell you something about it—and something that should make you two love each other more than ever."

"I'll try," said Sproule. "If I get out of this safe, I'll take her abroad somewhere and begin all over again."

It was nearly four o'clock by this time. Fenton, cramped and stiff, rose and walked about the room and looked out for the first signs of dawn, while Sproule-Elkhurst reconnoitered from the hall door. After fifteen minutes he came back.

"Well, I'm going to try it," he said. "Goodbye. And—if they get me, I want you to do one thing for me."

"I know," said Fenton. "You want me to



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tell your wife that you tried to be straight?"

"For love of her," Sproule added. Then he wrung Fenton's hand and slipped down the stairs.

Fenton watched from the window, saw him walk with an apparently careless, leisurely stride along the street toward Broadway, and disappear round the corner. Then Fenton brushed his silk hat lovingly, put it on, buttoned the bag of jewels inside his waistcoat, and walked down stairs.

To be continued next Sunday

### WHERE CHEESE MEANS RANK

**C**CHEESE, although an important product of our dairy farms, and a reasonably popular article of diet in the United States, has never held quite the position with us given it in some European countries.

English and Germans are far greater consumers of cheese than we, while both are surpassed by Norwegians. But, above all, Switzerland is the land of cheese. On more than one occasion travelers have dwelt upon the functions, social and sentimental, as well as a functional, performed by the cheese of Zermatt—that remarkable cheese which is so hard that it has to be scraped with a knife or cleft with an ax.

It is said by one authority that the patriotic rank of a Swiss family in that part of the Confederation is estimated by the age of its cheese, and the greater the respect due to the affection for a guest, the older is the cheese set before him. There are said to be families who own cheese that dates back to the time of the first French Revolution, which is served only on solemn occasions, such as christenings, weddings, or funerals.

There are in each pantry at least as many cheeses as there are boys and girls in the family; for at the birth of every child a cheese is made, which is named after the newcomer, and is first cut into on his or her wedding day, on which festive occasion all guests partake of a piece of the groom's and the bride's cheeses in order to secure for them all earthly bliss and happiness. The rest is served as a token of friendly souvenir and heartfelt mourning after the tomb has closed over his or her mundane career.

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